

MARVEL
29th July 89

THE REAL

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GHSTBUSTERS™





Take cover, folks, for there's a storm brewing in issue 59 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** No, wait! Hold on a moment and put those umbrellas away, for it seems that it is only Ray who has his *head in the clouds!* Can this be true? Is it possible for a **REAL GHOSTBUSTER** to have his own portable cloud? This is taking the limits of scientific discovery too far!

Anyway, you can find out why Ray is a bit *under the weather* in this week's **Winston's Diary!** However, the whole team have their heads in the clouds when they get the chance to play games during work hours in **The Harlem Globtrotters!** But you know what they say... never mix business with pleasure! They do, however, get the opportunity to *brush shoulders* with the stars in **The Signature of the Spectre!** when Peter makes a complete exhibition of himself! Whatever next!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

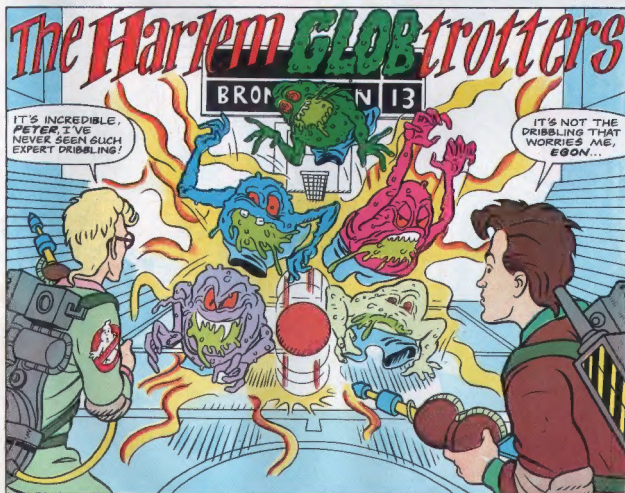


JANINE MELNITZ

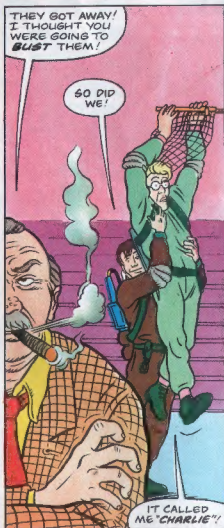
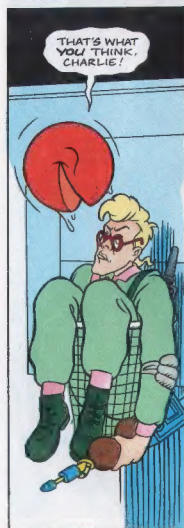


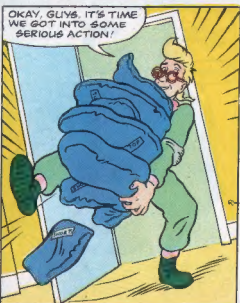
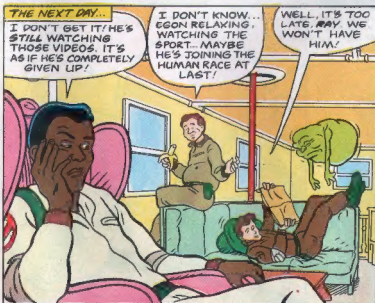
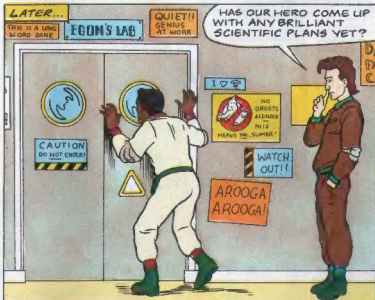
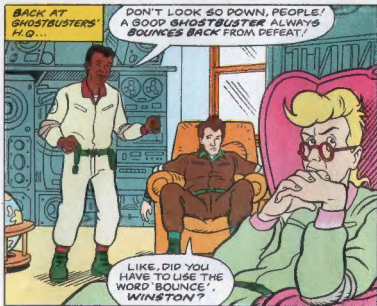
SLIMER

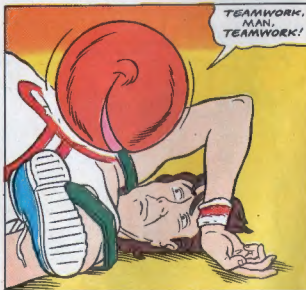
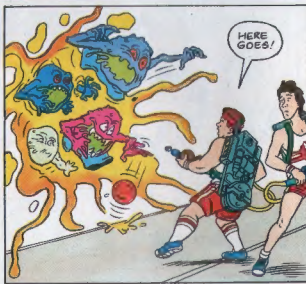
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

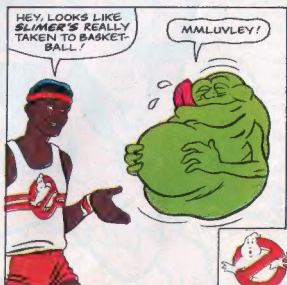
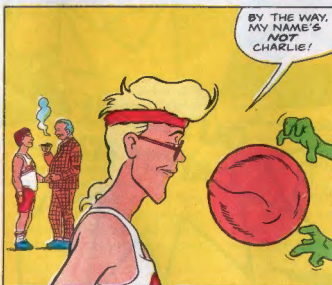
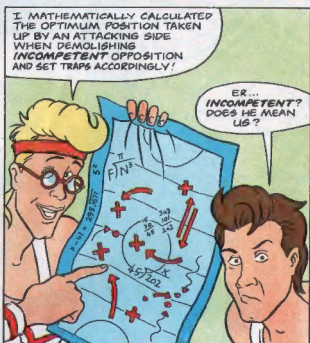
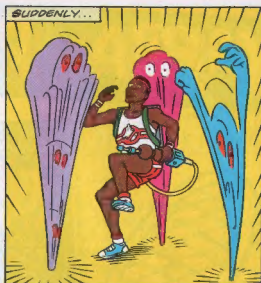


Story GLENN DAKIN Art ILYA and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering SPOLLY Colouring LYNN WHITE









YABBA- DABBA- DOO!

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MARVEL
HOLIDAY SPECIAL
75p

THE FLINTSTONES



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Mike Potty (made up name?) wrote in after Guide fifty-four with some questions about the sports played by ghosts in the Supercosmos. However, I am so convinced that Mike Potty is a made up name, I'm not going to answer them. Luckily, Marsha Squonky of West Orange wrote in with the same questions, so I'll answer those. Sorry 'Mike'.



'Where can I get a Numbly-racquet?'

From a Numbly-racquet shop, Marsha. Silly question. Next?

'Has a game of Numbly ever reached extra-time?'

In the 1666 mid-season play-offs, the minor-league champions the Green Slime Pickers reached extra time during a game against the Miasmal Beebles. This was mainly because the Miasmal's captain hid in a locker in the shower room for six weeks in an effort to avoid getting numbed. The Pickers found him eventually and put his team in to numb for nine innings. Okay?

'How long has Bopplenoz-zyworp been involved in Pro-Celebrity Moffling?'

The 'Big Bopper' (as his fans call him) has been playing Otherworld-class Moffling for ninety seasons now, ever

PART 59

since he learned to whistle *Doctor Zhivago*. During his early career, he often got over-excited and whistled *Brown Girl in the Ring* by mistake. This resulted in two referee warnings, three sendings off, four sendings to bed with no legs, and nine hundred and forty-two sendings to Bostwana at high speed via a nine thousand mile long canvas tube lined with sandpaper.

'I read about "NERTLBY" recently. What is that?'

Nertlby is a much rarer Supercosmos sport but none the less it enjoys enthusiastic following during its season (May 91st to Hexember the 32nd). The game is very much like Moffling, except for several crucial differences. The Moffling sticks are three feet longer, play-

ers must whistle *Brown Girl in The Ring* instead of *Doctor Zhivago* and the whole competition is played in canoes. 'Nertlby' is a demonic word that means 'even more moronic than moffling'.

'What's the most exciting event in the ghost's sporting calendar?'

Undoubtedly this is the annual 'Superbawl', a mammoth event jam-packed with mammoths and packs of jam. Billions of spooktaters crowd into the stadium and scream abuse at anything and anyone that so much as twitches. In this confusion, many mistakes occur. Last season Gozer went out to the plate to begin play and asked the bawling crowd to cheer him on. They thought he said 'chairs'. In a little under three seconds he had been buried under nine tons of furniture. Since then, official 'Chair-leaders' have performed this duty. The game itself is short, sharp, ruthless and played with girders wrapped in oven mitts. The object of the game is objectionable. Points are made by stretching out the index finger in the direction of the thing you are indicating. Two years back, Ponquadrager got a hole in one, and a nasty rip in the other.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JINNY MCKENZIE Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD

Thursday, July 20th, 1989

You should have seen the weather last Monday. It was raining and snowing. There was thunder and lightning, hailstones, the lot. And that was *inside* Headquarters! Perhaps I ought to explain.

Last Monday, Peter, Egon and myself were having breakfast. It was Peter's turn to cook the bacon and eggs, but he had already fallen asleep in his cereal, and, as Real Ghostbusters have to start the day with a hearty breakfast so we can be ready for anything the spirit world might throw at us, I had volunteered. I was just about to crack open a batch of eggs, when Ray appeared at the kitchen door.

"Hey fellas" he said gloomily, "I think I've got a bad dose of the Monday Morning Blues".

Well, I would not have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, but floating above Ray's head, was a small black cloud.

This strange phenomena had made Peter sit up and take notice and Egon had already got his 'Mmm, very interesting' look on his face, when Ray came and sat down at the table.

Breakfast was now forgotten as we gathered around Ray. "What's happened, old buddy?" inquired Peter, now fully awake and interested.

"I guess I must be a bit under the weather" replied Ray miserably. "I woke up feeling a bit low, and when I looked in the mirror I noticed the cloud, it's all so depressing". And with that, the cloud grew bigger, and blacker.

By this time, Egon had fetched a PKE meter and was busy taking readings off Ray. "Mmm, it looks as though you may be suffering the effects of a Free-roaming Atmospheric, which is having an accumulative effect. In other words, the more miserable you feel the worse it will get - feeding on your negative vibrations and of course", Egon added as an after thought, "The bigger the manifestation, the more depressed you will become".

"Oh nooooo" moaned Ray. This had the astonishing affect of increasing the size and density of the cloud. By this time we were *all* getting rather gloomy.

"Whatever happens we mustn't *all* get gloomy" warned Egon, a little late I thought, as the cloud was now rumbling ominously. "It will feed on our negative feelings and gather strength". But it was too late. The cloud was turning into a full blown storm, with flashes of lightning emitting from it's centre.

"We must try and keep cheerful" shouted Egon above the thunder claps. "And more importantly, as Ray is the centre of the manifestation, we have to get him feeling his normal happy self again."

"Don't worry" shouted Peter, "I'll tell him a few jokes, that'll cheer him up".

"Oh nooooooooo" moaned Ray, who was by this time slumped over the kitchen table, his head resting on his arms in despair. He was obviously feeling much worse. Whether this was due to his situation, or the thought of Peter's jokes, I was never quite sure. But whatever the reason, it had a devastating effect.

"I'm all wet" shouted Ray in alarm as he stood up hurriedly, knocking over the milk jug. Ray was now standing under a rain storm! Water was getting everywhere.

"Quick, stand him in the bath", shouted Peter as we bundled Ray off to the bathroom "We don't want him crying over spilt milk".

Ray groaned. It was no use. The rain had by now turned into hail and was blocking the drains, making Headquarters a rather damp and miserable place.

"Get him outside" I suggested.

"Please, let me tell him some jokes" pleaded Peter as we hurried Ray outside, "I'm not sure it will work".

"No!" Egon insisted.

"OKEY" moaned Peter. "But just think old buddy, it could be raining cats and dogs, now that could be very nasty".

By now we had managed to get Ray outside, getting rather wet ourselves, owing to the fact that the cloud was now

raining again. I had managed to find an old souwester I'd had from one of my holidays at Niagara Falls and had given it to Ray to try and keep him as dry as possible, but he was still soaked to the skin.

"Do something, guys" said Ray mournfully, as he stood under his own personal rain storm in the bright morning sunshine. "I'm getting a rainbow". Sure enough, a brilliantly coloured rainbow had started forming above Ray's head, causing great amusement among the passers by, which did little to alter Ray's mood.

Meanwhile, we were all trying our hardest to think positive. "Into everyone's life a little rain must fall" Peter said optimistically.

"But not a full blown cloud burst" retorted Ray. And I admitted that I had to agree with him.

"But every cloud has a silver lining" added Peter as he started to do his morning exercises, taking advantage of the gathering crowd to show off his physique.

"Please fellas" said Egon seriously, "This is not doing Ray any good". At that moment there was a loud "Wooooooooooooow" from Peter as he skidded on a rotten banana skin that had been thrown on the pavement. He fell hard on his backside, causing more than his ego to be a little bruised.

"Ouch" said Peter, quite understandable as he sat on the pavement, trying to regain what was left of his dignity. "That hurt!"

It was then that we noticed Ray was making a strange noise. We turned around sharply to find Ray was beginning to giggle! Quietly at first, then louder and louder.

"Tee hee hee. Ha ha HA!" laughed Ray, now almost in hysterics.

"I'm glad you find it so funny" quipped Peter indignantly.

"Wait a minute, this is *great*" shouted Egon.

"Terrific" muttered Peter. "I make a fool of myself and you think it's great.

Some friend you turned out to be".

But look" insisted Egon. "The cloud is disappearing". Sure enough the cloud was dispersing from over Ray's head as he stood there, tears of laughter running down his face.

"This is *great*" chortled Ray. "I feel terrific!"

"Well I'm so happy for you, Ray" said Peter brushing himself off as he got to his feet. "But I can't say I feel particularly cheerful".

That was perhaps the worst thing Peter could have said, because at that moment the cloud started to move towards him. "Oh no" groaned Peter as he tried to dodge the cloud, now growing in strength once again. "Don't let it get me fellas!" he yelled as he made off down the street, the cloud in pursuit.



"Think positive" I shouted after him.

"Every cloud has a silver lining" added Egon.

Yeah, don't forget. Into everyone's life a little rain must fall" shouted Ray still giggling.



GHOUL STREET SPECTRE

It could certainly be said of this poor ghost that he was a step ahead of everyone else! For this was, in fact, the phantom of a certain Mr R. Share, who had been a stockbroker during the great Wall Street Crash back in 1929. It would be apt to say that his monetary fortunes 'plummeted' along with himself, for the unfortunate man jumped from the ledge of the very tall building where he worked in a fit of anguish. They do say that money isn't everything, but it seemingly was in this case. It appears that the thought of all his money disappearing on the Stock Exchange was just too much for him. He still had a heart of gold, however, because when Peter discovered that he had a dislike of heights, the phantom leaper was good enough to help him overcome his fear and thus, was able to rest in peace having managed not to jump himself. It just goes to show that every cloud does have a silver lining!





DEAD TRUE!

The seventeenth century was an age when the topic of evil was taken very seriously. The people of this era were obsessed with demons, devils and witches and at this time, a young Flemish artist name Pieter Breughel the Younger, was no exception to this rule.

Many of his paintings were based upon such subject matter and in around the year 1615 he was to paint the portrait of an ugly old woman which was to be the start of a truly unbelievable series of horrors!

The painting depicted the likeness of a hideous old crone whom Pieter had found begging in the streets. When the picture was finished, the effect was terrifying, for her gaze burned from the canvas with a look of sheer malevolence. It is no surprise that Pieter named the painting 'The Evil Eye'.

Once he had captured the devilish expression on the hag's face, Pieter invited her to look at the result. He was astonished at her reaction. Glaring at him, she said, "Painter you think you have placed my likeness on canvas and nothing more . . . but you are wrong. You have given me immortality, for when this twisted old body dies, my spirit will remain alive for as long as the painting exists!" Then, after cackling furiously, she shrieked and was no more.

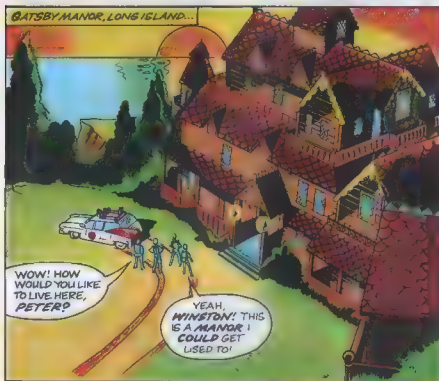
Under the cover of darkness, the trembling artist took her remains to a section of the town which was frequented by beggars. From this moment the evil began.

When the painting was ready for public display, Pieter took it to a public gallery. It seemed that the horrors held within the canvas gained power every day. Visitors to the gallery were sent screaming from the room, almost senseless with

fright. Women seemed to be drawn towards it with a sort of morbid fascination and then either fainted or fled. Men were forced to look away when their eyes met those of the demonic hag on the broomstick.

It was not long before the gallery owner was compelled to take the painting down. It then found its way into the hands of a small private art dealer, who was promptly lead to return the painting to Pieter Breughel because of the mysterious things he had started to experience with the painting in his possession. So, taking heed of the old woman's warnings, Pieter burned the canvas, thus destroying the curse!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



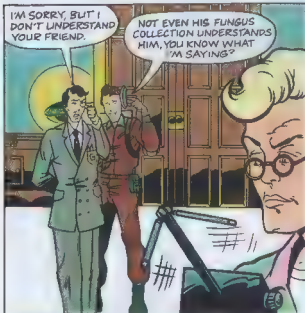
Signature of the **SPECTRE!**



IN GATSBY'S STUDY... I WAS PLANNING TO OPEN MY MANOR'S ART GALLERY TO THE PUBLIC TO DISPLAY MY COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS BY HENRI EASEL, WHEN SUDDENLY...



YOU FOUND THIS GHOSTLY GRAFFITI.



I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR FRIEND.

NOT EVEN HIS FUNGUS COLLECTION UNDERSTANDS HIM, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?

NOT QUITE GRAFFITI, DEAR BOY. THE WRITING IS THE SIGNATURE OF VINCENT VAN SPLOSH-EASEL'S DEADLY RIVAL



FASCINATING! COLOUR-FREQUENCY-CO-ORDINATED ECTOPLASM!



I MUST ASK YOU TO BE VERY CAREFUL. THIS MANOR IS FULL OF PRICELESS OBJECTS

I APPRECIATE THAT, MR GATSBY. LET ME ASSURE YOU, I'M THE PERFECT PROFESSIONAL.



OOPS!

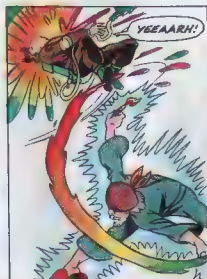
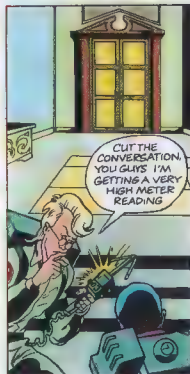
MY MING VASE

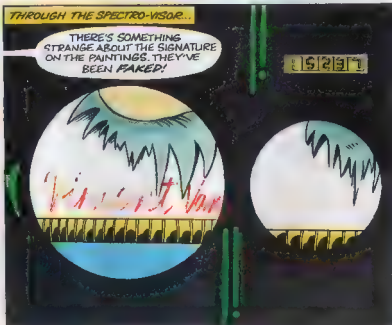
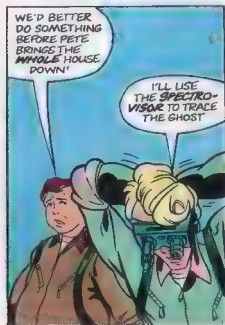


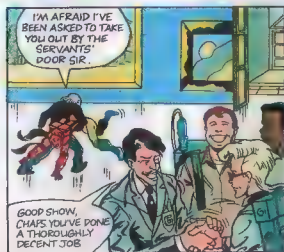
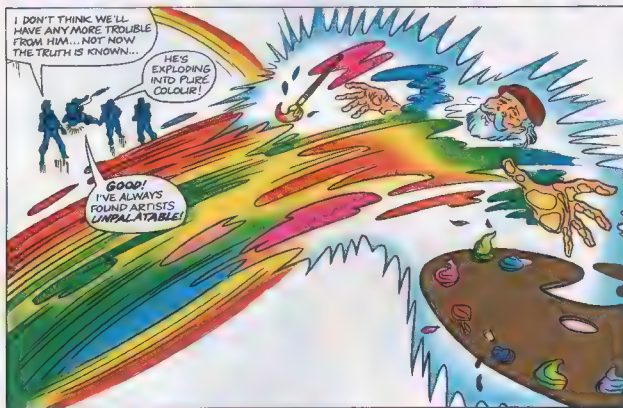
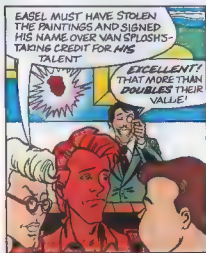
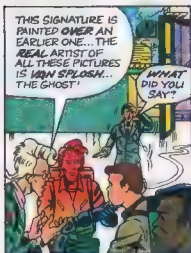
NOBODY TOLD ME IT WAS FULLY CHARGED!

LET'S GO ERASE THAT SPECTRE!

DON'T WORRY, GENTLEMEN, I'LL REVIVE THE MASTER.



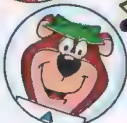




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GHOST WRITING!



Howdy! I hope you're all feeling suitably ghostly and inquisitive, 'cos I am about to answer your ghostly and inquisitive questions! Here goes...

Dear Peter...

I like your comic very much and I have a couple of questions to ask you:

1. Did Slimer eat a lot when he was alive?
2. Do you often get calls at midnight?

— Amanda Crooks, Bangor

Glad you like the comic, Amanda. 1. Well, to say that he was a well-built person would be an understatement! Have you seen the pictures of King Remils? Gee, he was a bit like your King Henry VIII! 2. Not as many as you might think, considering that midnight is supposed to be the most active time for strange happenings. If you really want to know, I think someone made that up!

1. How mad were you when Walter Peck let all the ghosts out of the Containment Unit?
 2. On Valentine's Day did Egon and Janine exchange Valentine cards?
 3. Have you made friends with the Marshmallow Man because he did, after all, help to bust a ghost?
 4. Can you ask Ray what his favourite food is?
 5. Can you ask Egon what his favourite book is?
- Jodie Marie Higton, Wirksworth**

1. I wasn't mad at all... I was very mad! 2. Sorry, we were too tactful to ask. 3. Making friends with Mr Stay-Puft was most definitely out of the question, because he was destroyed when Zuul was annihilated. Anyway, could you image what it would be like to try and make friends with a nasty monster who also happens to be larger than a very large high-rise building? No thanks. 4. Ray follows the Slimer-plan diet. His favourite food is anything in the vicinity which happens to be edible at the time! 5. Egon's favourite book is undoubtedly the indispensable 'Tobin's Spirit Guide'.

I have some questions to ask you:

1. Why does Janine like Egon so much?
 2. Does Ray like ECTO-1 and ECTO-2?
 3. In 'The Trouble with Slimers!', how did the other Slimer get out of the Containment Unit?
- Andrew Baker, Portlade

Thanks for your questions, Andrew. 1. Well, I suppose every girl's idea of a hunky kinda' guy is different. Janine obviously prefers men with really high intelligence levels. 2. Does he like them? Are you kidding? Do birds fly? Do fish swim really well? Ray worships those things! 3. When the second Slimer made its appearance in 'The Trouble with Slimers', he hadn't actually been put in the Containment Unit. He found his way in from some other slime-infested place.

What does Slimer do for a living?

Ryan Gallantine, Whitburn

Slimer doesn't need to do anything for a living, unfortunately. He gets his room rent-free. He eats all our food. What more could he want? It's a shame really, it would be nice to have him out of our hair for a few hours a day.

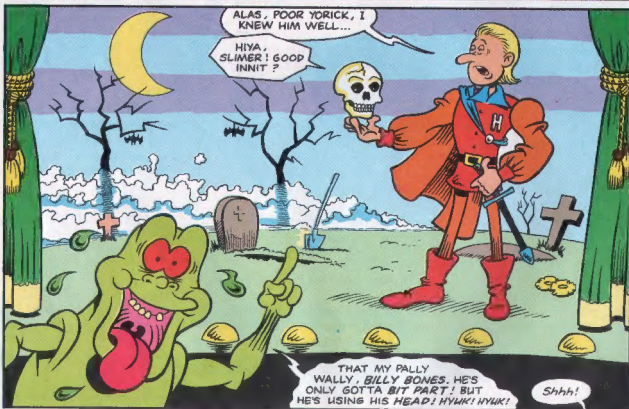
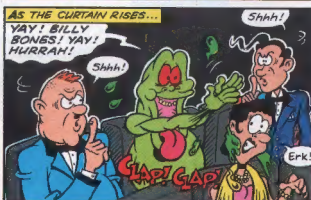
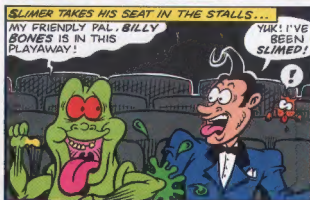
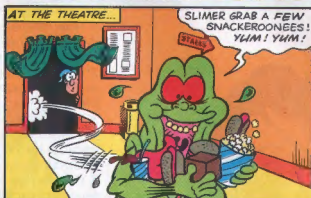
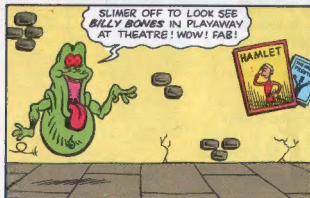
I am very interested in fossils and would like to know if you have ever come across any dinosaur ghosts?

— Robert Lucas, East Sussex

It's funny you should ask that, Rob, because we did have the pleasure of meeting a dinosaur ghost earlier this year (see issue 31). In fact there was more than one and they were all of the type known as the Allosaurus. It was released from the earth when a dog dug up one of the dinosaur's bones. Some treat for Bonzo!

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



YOU'VE SEEN THE FILM...
 YOU'VE BOUGHT THE COMIC...
 NOW READ THE BOOKS!



What would you do if you found hundreds of naughty, miniature Stay Puft men coming up from your toilet? Find out what happens to the Ghostbusters in *THE RETURN OF MR STAY PUFT!*



If you're scared of sharks – imagine how the Ghostbusters felt when they dived



into the sea, knowing that, somewhere, lurking in the depths, there was a giant *GHOSTLY SHARK*.



Don't go looking in the crazy mirrors at the *FOREVER FAIR* – your face may turn into a monster. Would you dare ride on a ghost-train that was even too realistic for the Ghostbusters?



When the Ghostbusters are forced to throw Slimer out on the streets, the

lonely, friendless but lovable green ball of gunge soon gets up to mischief in *GOODBYE TO SLIMER*.



Marvel

Available through WH Smith and other good bookshops and newsagents.

MONTE CARLO OR BUST!

**KER-
CHUNK!**

WHIRRRRR!

IN JUST 7 DAYS

THIS TIME HE HAS TO CHOOSE

"MR MIYAGI
TAUGHT YOU
EVERYTHING"

"BETRAY KARATE,
KARATE BETRAY YOU"

"FORGET THE OLD MAN!
LEARN TO FIGHT WITHOUT MERCY...
TO WIN!"

LOYALTY OR WINNING:
WHICH ONE WILL HE CHOOSE?

RALPH MACCHIO

**The
Karate
Kid Part III**

PG

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FROM FRIDAY JULY 28th AT A CINEMA NEAR YOU